

# The Democratic Enquirer.

Democratic at all Times and under all Circumstances.

VOLUME 11

MARTIN, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1867.

NUMBER 5.

## The Democratic Enquirer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
J. W. BOWEN, Proprietor.  
Editor and Publisher.

OFFICE—In Mason's Building, on Main Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

Five copies, one year, in advance, \$5.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00.

## Poetry.

MY CREED.

By ALICE CARL.

I hold that Christian grace abounds

Where charity is seen; that when

My heart is true, my mind is free,

I hold all else, named piety,

A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;

Where charity is not, can there be

Circumstances?

This I moreover hold and dare

Assert where'er my rhyme may go,

Whatever things be sweet or fair,

Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies

That charm to rest the nursing babe,

Or that sweet confidence of night

And blazes made without a word,

'Tis not the wide philanthropy

Nor staid fast, nor stated prayers,

That make us saints; we judge the true

By what it bears.

And when men can't live apart

From works theologic trust,

I know the blood about his heart

Is dry as dust.

## Select Story.

HANNAH GNEIDT'S

DOOR-STEP.

By ALICE CARL.

HANNAH GNEIDT leaned upon her

broom, and looked out from the low

kitchen door across the wintry fields

and the ice-glazed stream, which lay be-

tween her home and the little village of

Greenock, with its one tapering spire

and sloping roofs and blank white walls

had done her household work, polished

every article capable of polish, and

scooped and sanded all the rest. At last

she swept clean her doorstep, and now

felt free to do what she chose, to rest or

go to sleep, or sit down to needlework—a

thing impossible to her while a spot be-

neath her foot was out of order. Just

now she felt rather like gossiping or

sewing; her heart was very full, and she

found it necessary to stand still and

think a while. Only that she was not

used to do it, she would have cried, she

was so very sad. It seemed to her that

the happiest people were those who lay

in their green graves in the churchyard,

and feel quiet from all earthly going to

and fro forevermore.

Not that Hannah Gneidt was tired to

body, or weary with the toil of household

duty; for she was strong of frame, and

her health was perfect, as her hands were

willful. It was on her humble heart

the burden lay, her spirit that was torn

with earthly travail.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been

his wife," she muttered, "and I've loved

him well, and worked hard and faithful

to keep things decent, and it's come to

this at last! Things had been better,

say he, if he'd married Miss Lester."

Yes, that was what Farmer Gneidt

harnessed by toil and debt, had said to

her that very morning; and it seemed to

Hannah like the confession of a long

repentance, forced from her husband's

lips at last.

"Poor man! I wish I could help

him," she sighed, leaning on her broom

beside the door. "I doubt he's right

about Miss Lester."

With that her eyes filled and rested by

chance on the door-step.

"I can mend that, anyhow," she said,

"and I have time, for my work is done."

So she hung the broom up, and peeped

into her oven, and set the kettle on, and

"No," said Hannah, "I can't roll it

along, nor will I. I can't roll it

And her arms, strong as man's, went

to work at once, and the slab was rolled,

and pushed and lifted on its way. It

was toil for a laborer, but it did Hannah

good. She tossed away pushing and

lifting, and adding woman's ingenuity to

man's strength; so that at last it was

done. There she let it rest, and dug

the old, rusty, black, and

brought water to wash the slab with

white as driven snow, for the most part,

with some little yellow weather-stains

about the edge, and on one side the black

inscription—a name, a line of eulogy,

and date. Hannah stared with the cur-

iosity of one who reads a

"I wish I could tell what that was,"

she said. "Some one's name and age."

Oh, there were sore hearts when that was

now. I hope when I die Oliver will

have written over me that I was a good

wife. I've tried to be. I thought to know

that big letter—wait a bit, I believe it is

Z."

Then she turned the inscription down-

wards, and washed the other side, clean

and white, and put it in its place.

She received little credit for her work.

Oliver only muttered—

"You couldn't afford a porch to tell the

place. And no one noticed the step af-

terwards, save Hannah, when she scrub-

bed it."

Matters were very bad at Gneidt's.

Oliver brooded over the fire in speechless

worrows, and grew grayer and balder with

each passing day. Hannah kept ruin off

a little by making a home of the poor

house, and a feast of the humble fare, by

her house-wife's skill. She might even

have been cheerful but for the memory

of that luckless step.

Working in the garden one day, when

the first spring grass was growing green,

Hannah heard footsteps, and lifting her

head, saw two gentlemen beside her, and

rose precipitately with womanly anxiety

about her. They were Mr. and Mrs. Zebulon

perhaps by her cotton gown. The gentle-

man, an elderly man with bright

dark eyes, addressed her.

"Mrs. Gneidt, I presume."

"Yes, sir," she answered.

He asked her to walk in, and he did

so, the other following.

In the little parlor they sat down.

"You are Mrs. Hannah Gneidt, Oliver

Gneidt's wife?"

"Yes, sir. It is about—excuse me,

you look like a lawyer, and I fear it is

more trouble for Oliver."

"Be assured yourself," said the gentle-

man. "Re-assure yourself, madam. Your

husband is not concerned, save

through you, and that I hope pleasantly.

Your name was Burns before you were

married?"

"Yes, sir, Hannah Burns."

"Do you remember dates well?"

"No, sir."

"You have, perhaps, records of family

events—your own birth, your parent's

marriage, your grandfather's death?"

Hannah Gneidt wondered, replied,

"I have mother's Bible, and they tell me

it's all there."

"How far back?"

"To grandfather's birth, I believe—

grandfather Burns, he had one child,

and I am the only one my parents ever

had. Oliver was down on his wedding-day,

and our two boys' birth days."

"And your great-grandfather, the

record of his death is there?"

"I don't know; you may see. Wait,

I'll call Oliver."

Going to the door, Hannah took down

a horn, used for that purpose, and uttered

a call, which brought Oliver Gneidt

home from the field at once.

He also felt alarmed, but explanations

quieted him. Almost as much astonish-

ed as his wife, he brought out the Bi-

bles.

"The death of my wife's great-grand-

father, Zebulon Burns, is not here," he

said. "The first record is in his hand, I

believe. It is the birth of his eldest

child."

So it proved, and the lawyer looked

disappointed.

"You cannot remember the day of his

death?" he said. "I mean the date of

it."

"He died long before I was born," said

Hannah, "and though rich, left nothing

to grandfather. They had quarrelled, I

believe. She told old stories of him—

He must have been very eccentric and

servant or housekeeper had great influ-

ence over him; she had the property I think."

"Margery—Margery—"

"Margery Wilber, I think," said the

lawyer.

"Yes," said Hannah, "I remember

now."

"You are quiet people, not likely to

talk too much," said the lawyer. "I will

tell you something. We have found a

will among the effects of a legal gentle-

man who died very suddenly in a fit of

apoplexy. Don't hope too much, mind.

A will in your favor—that is now in